

# Cinderella

# 2000

Jean-Pierre Petit



The Association Knowledge without Borders, founded and chaired by Professor Jean-Pierre Petit, astrophysicist, aims at spreading scientific and technical knowledge in as many countries as possible and in as many languages as possible. To this end, all his popular scientific works, which cover a period of thirty years, and more particularly the illustrated albums he has created, are now freely accessible. Anyone is now free to duplicate the present file, either in digital form or in the form of printed copies and circulate these copies to libraries, within the context of schools or universities or associations whose aims would be the same as the association, provided that they do not derive any profit from this circulation and that they do not have any political, sectarian or confessional connotations. These pdf files may also be put on line in the computer networks of school and university libraries.




Jean-Pierre Petit intends to create numerous other works which will be accessible to a larger audience. Even illiterate people will be able to read them because the written parts will “speak” when the readers click on them. Thus it will be possible to use these works to support literacy schemes. Other albums will be “bilingual” in so far as it will be possible to switch from one language to another selected language with a mere click. Hence another tool made available to develop language skills.

Jean-Pierre Petit was born in 1937. He made his career in French research. He worked as a plasma physicist, he directed a computer science centre, he has created softwares, he has published hundreds of articles in scientific magazines, dealing with subjects ranging from fluid mechanics to theoretical cosmology. He has published about thirty books which have been translated in numerous languages.

The association can be contacted on the following internet site:

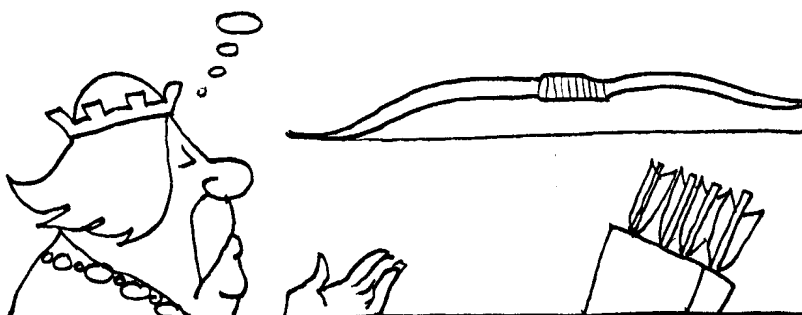
**<http://savoir-sans-frontieres.com>**

In a quiet and peaceful kingdom King George seems worried

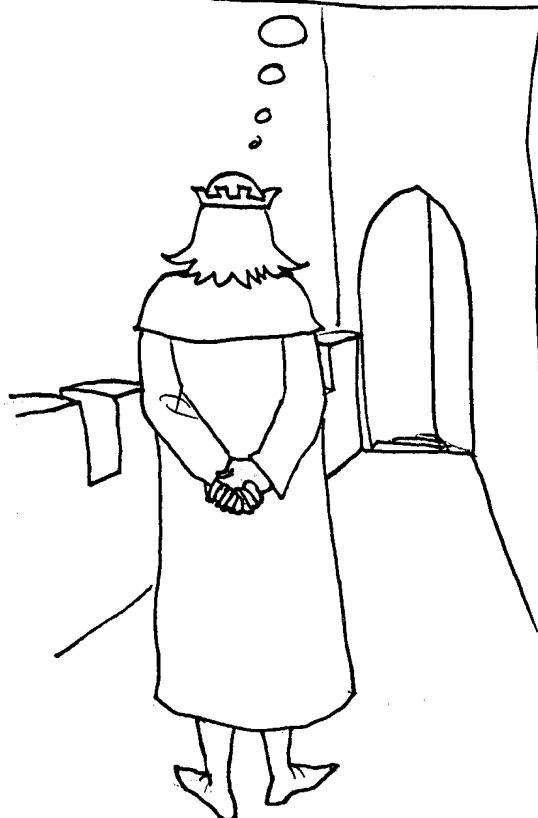


What is Philip doing now ?

It is obvious that he has not gone hunting.  
His bow and arrow sheath are still here.



His horse is in the stables.  
Where in heaven is my son?



What, don't tell me  
he is still...?



Philip, what are you making by heaven.

A machine father  
a machine to fly with.

Fly, like the birds?  
But if the Lord had  
wished it to be so he  
would have given  
us feathers.

Bats don't have  
feathers and they  
fly just as well  
as birds as far  
as I know.

Making wings like theirs  
is a simple matter. There is only  
one thing missing: the force to  
move them. What mechanism could  
make such a miracle possible ?

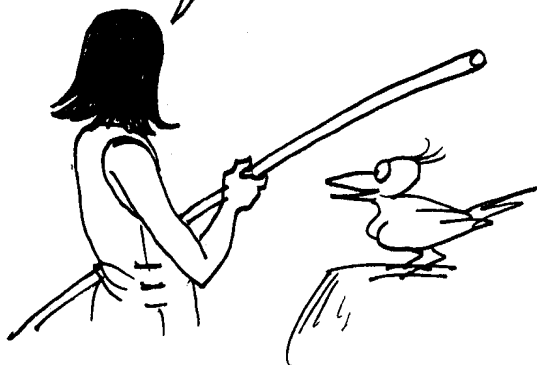
Do you realize that you haven't yet taken a wife, that there is no heir to the kingdom and that I'm starting to get old.



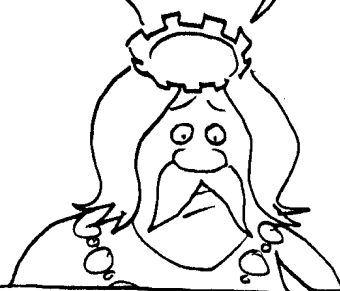
Yes father, but to bring a man and a woman together they need to have things in common yet none of the women you've presented show the slightest interest in flying.

How will you recognize the woman of your dreams ?  
Will she be a bird-woman or a bat-woman ?

A magician told me that I will recognize her as soon as I see her.



My son is mad



he chases chimera. And meanwhile, the years pass, pass...

Sire, do not be sad. This rare bird must surely exist somewhere in the kingdom. You should organize a great ball and invite all the girls suitable for marriage.



A great ball, hmm...but at which we will only invite girls of high rank.

That goes without saying, but Philip doesn't care much for princesses. To help things along, I suggest your majesty organize a masked ball.

Let it be so. Set the date and let my heralds proclaim this decision throughout the kingdom.

Yes, sire, I will take care of it immediately.

In the kingdom there lived a gentleman with one daughter. A widower, he had remarried with a woman with two daughters of her own from a previous marriage. Then the gentleman died. His wife, who had only wanted to get her hands on his property, then showed herself to be an awful hag who treated her step-daughter as badly as possible, reducing her to a role of kitchen slave.



Dressed in rags, treated with harshness by her stepmother, every day carrying out the most ungrateful tasks until nightfall.

It was her custom then to sit in the ashes of the fireplace

which is why she was given the name Cinderella.



Look, here is the King's herald.  
What does he want ?

Open the door dear ladies. I bear a message from his majesty King George



On the tenth day of the next month every young lady without exception must reply to his invitation a masked ball. All girls of marriageable age of a certain social standing of course.

Here are three invitations for the three young ladies in your household.

Three ? But mummy there are only two of us!

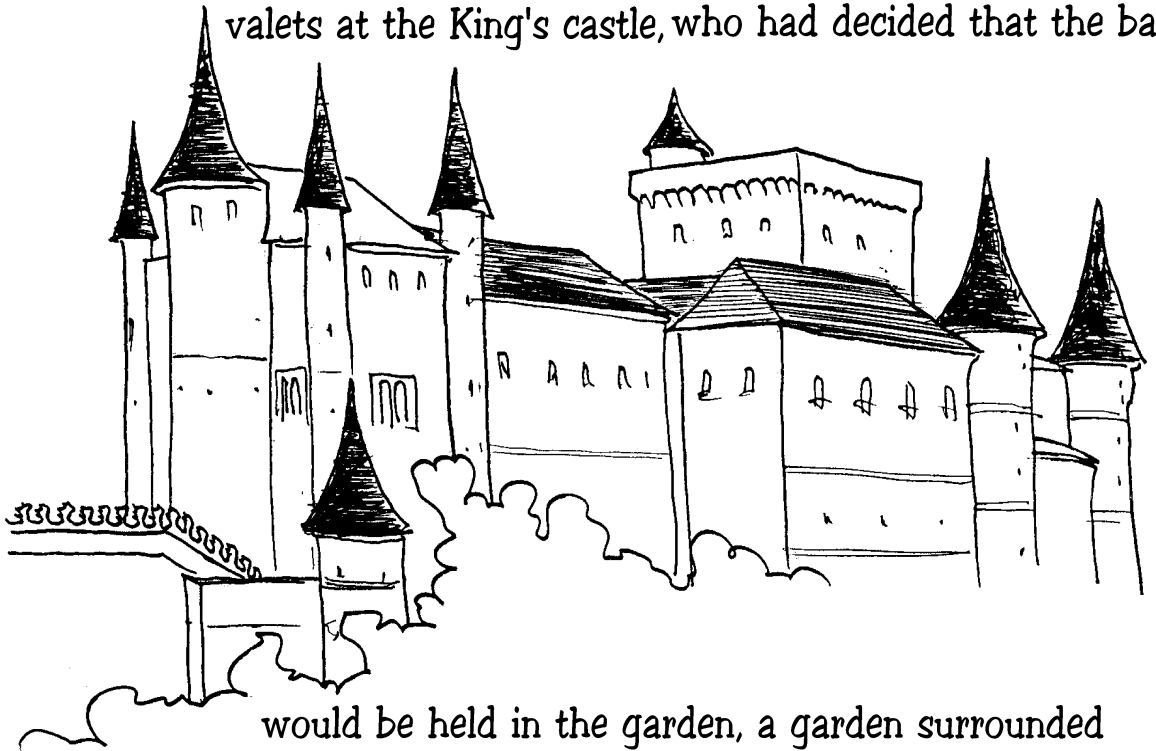
The third is me

Of course, Cinderella has the right to go to the ball. She has already got her disguise. She can come dressed as ...

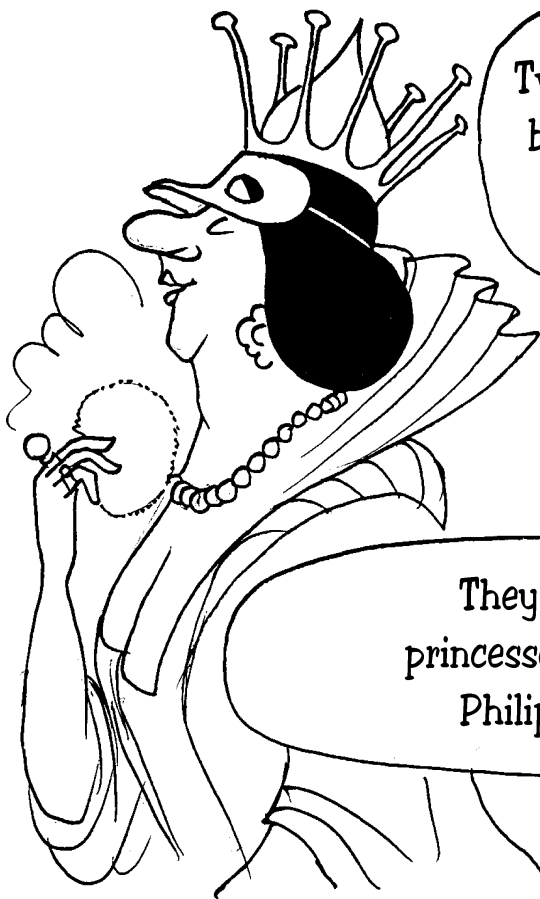




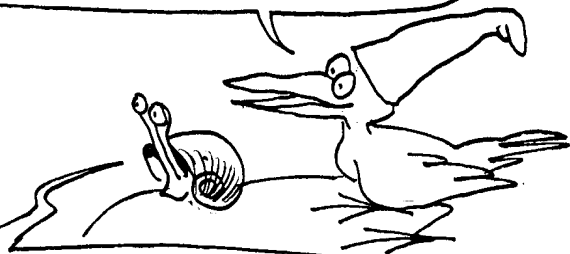
The days passed and the date of the ball arrived. The valets at the King's castle, who had decided that the ball



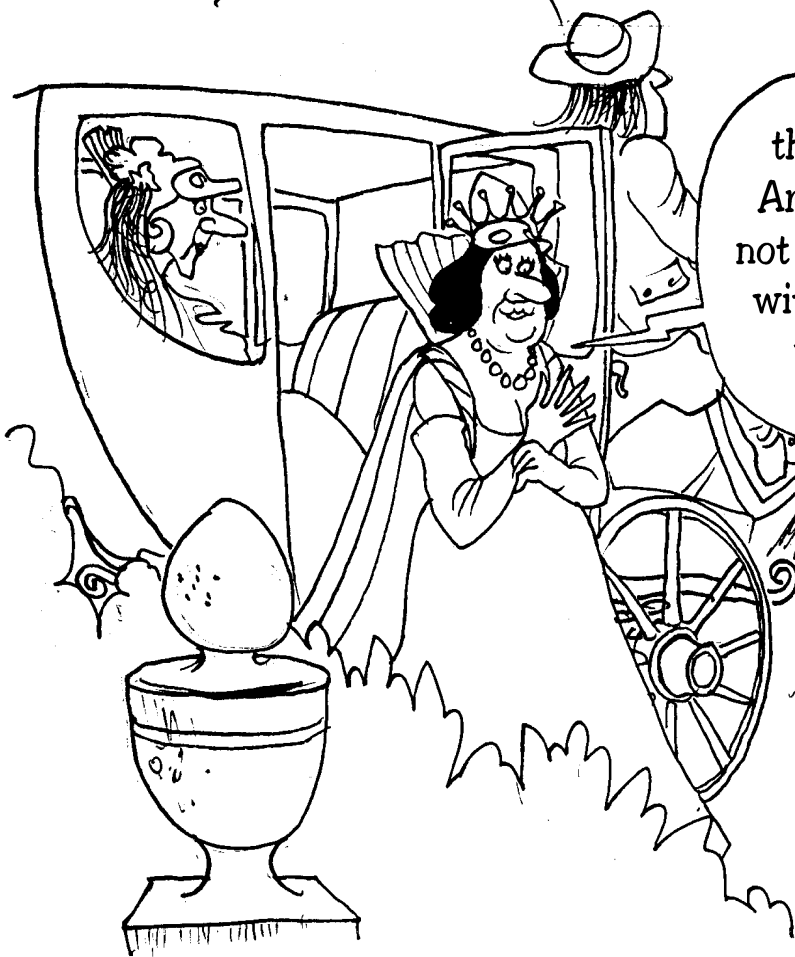
would be held in the garden, a garden surrounded by high walls, were busy setting tables, hanging lamps and installing a large dance floor.



Two made-to-measure masks had to be specially made for madam's two girls because of the length of their noses.



They were both dressed as princesses in the hope that Prince Philip would notice them.



Well Cinderella, the carriage is ready. Are you sure you are not coming. I'm sure that with your costume you would have been a great success.





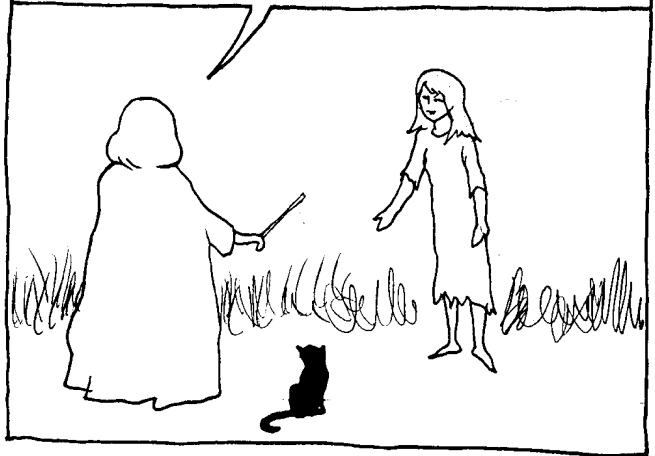


A masked ball is not a diplomatic incident.  
But I can't decently let you go in that dress.  
Get up, I'll sort you out



Oh  
godmother !

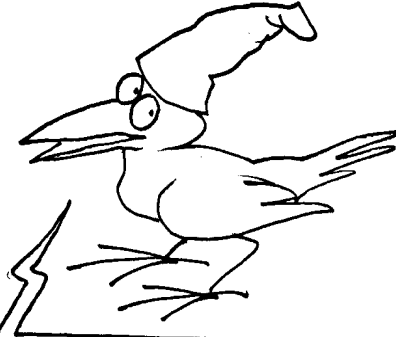
Let us see...to visit the king  
you need something very smart



Silk dress, long  
black suede gloves,  
velvet stole hmm...  
that seems alright.



But ... the invitation?  
How will I get into the castle without that ?  
My stepmother has it.



I even know where it is. She put it in a drawer of the  
commode in her bedroom. It won't be easy to get back.

Madam didn't count on Cinderella going to the ball.  
You'll have to steal the invitation card from her.



But how are we going to get into  
her bedroom. She is there at the  
moment and always stays up late.

You'll have to go and  
get it but not in that dress.  
I'll have to find you  
something else.



Miaow !..



What is it ?

You need a costume that  
allows you to become completely  
invisible in the night.



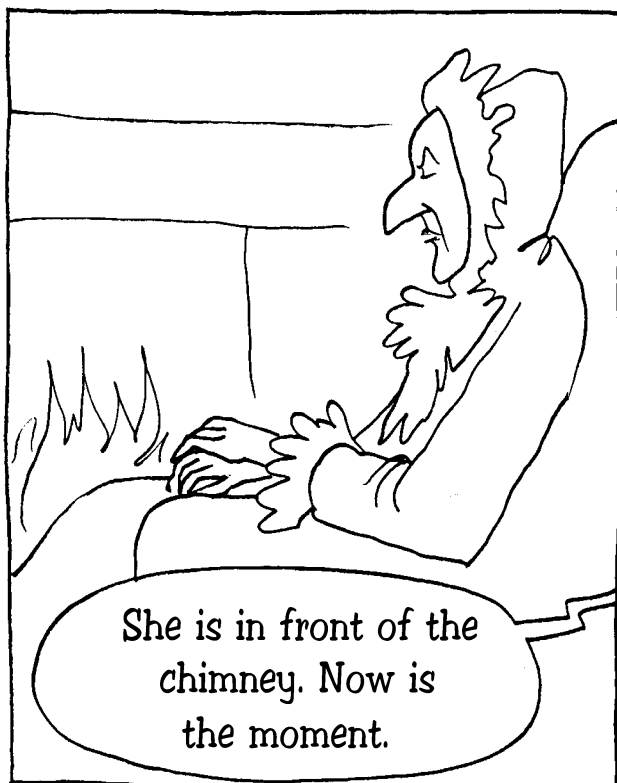
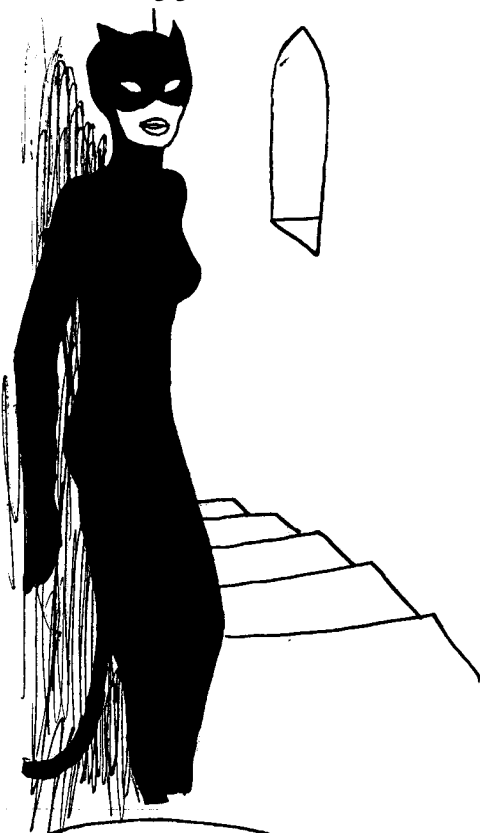
Feline knows how to  
become invisible in the  
nighttime just do as  
she does

There you are !

**OH!..**



Without making any noise and dressed in the costume, Cinderella slipped onto the dark staircase of the tower.



Those darned rats again !



What is she doing ?  
Oh my goodness, no !



Cinderella at the King's ball ?  
Pigs might fly

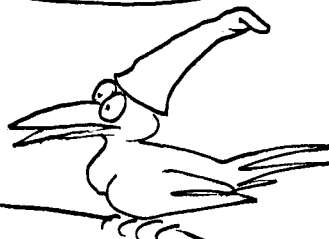
Ah Ah...




All is lost, she has burnt the invitation

Oh the wicked woman

But don't worry, I've got  
lots of other tricks






A black and white illustration of Catwoman, a black cat-like figure with a mask, standing next to an old woman with a large, ruffled collar. Catwoman is holding a black cape.

Put on this black cape it will allowv  
you to get into the palace

I'll have to go through walls then

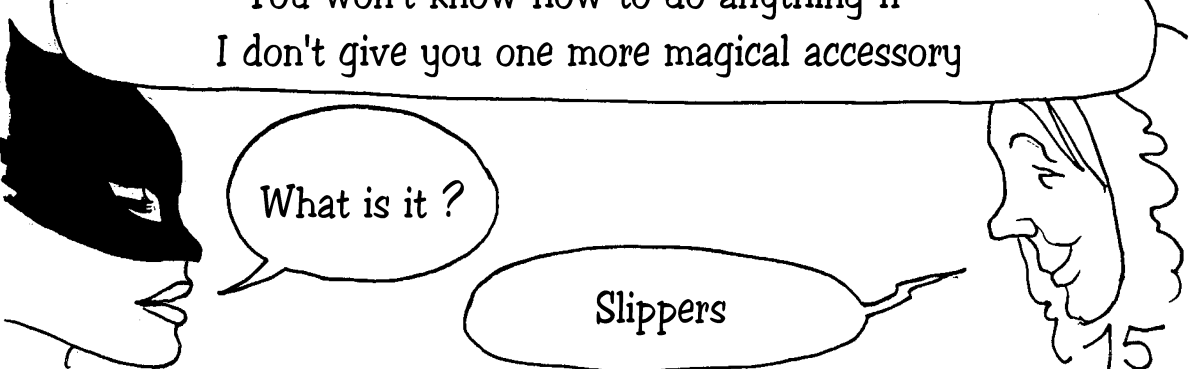
A small, light-colored bird with a long beak is perched on a rock. A speech bubble with a question mark is above it.

No, over them

Catwoman is shown from the waist up, holding a large black cape behind her with both arms. The old woman is standing next to her, looking at the cape.

A strange cape. What am I supposed to do?

You won't know how to do anything if  
I don't give you one more magical accessory

A close-up of the two characters' faces. Catwoman is on the left, looking towards the old woman on the right.

What is it ?

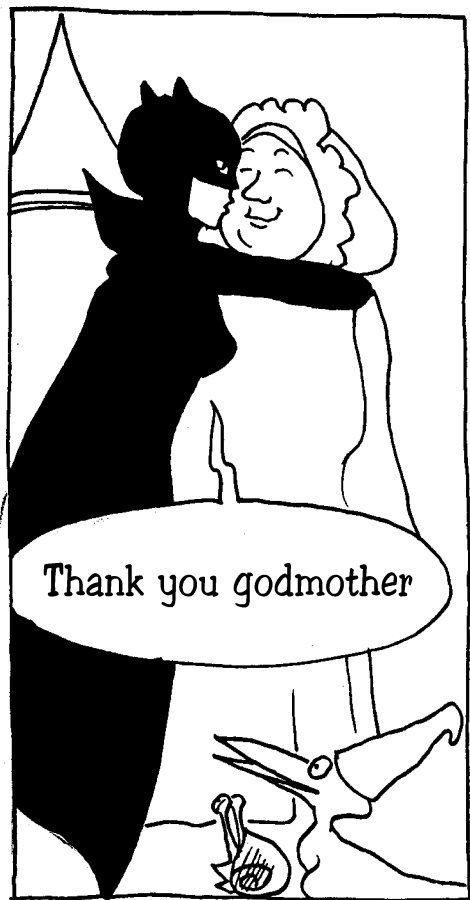
Slippers



Thanks to the cape you will be carried through the air and able to join the party by going over the castle walls. It will also bring you back here. But listen carefully:



it is imperative that you take off before the last stroke of midnight, otherwise the spell will no longer work and the cape will no longer be able to take you through the air



Thank you godmother



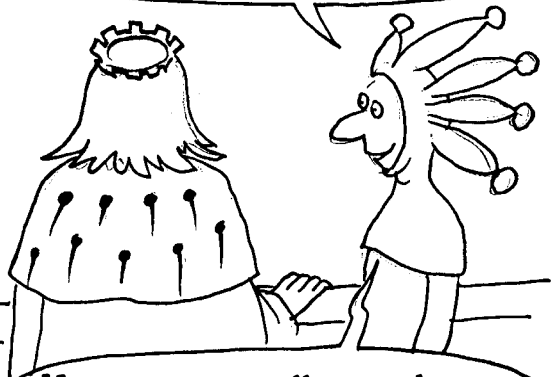
And now, hurry up

And don't forget on the twelfth stroke of midnight



I can see the lights  
of the castle

Well Majesty, the ball is  
a big success is it not ?



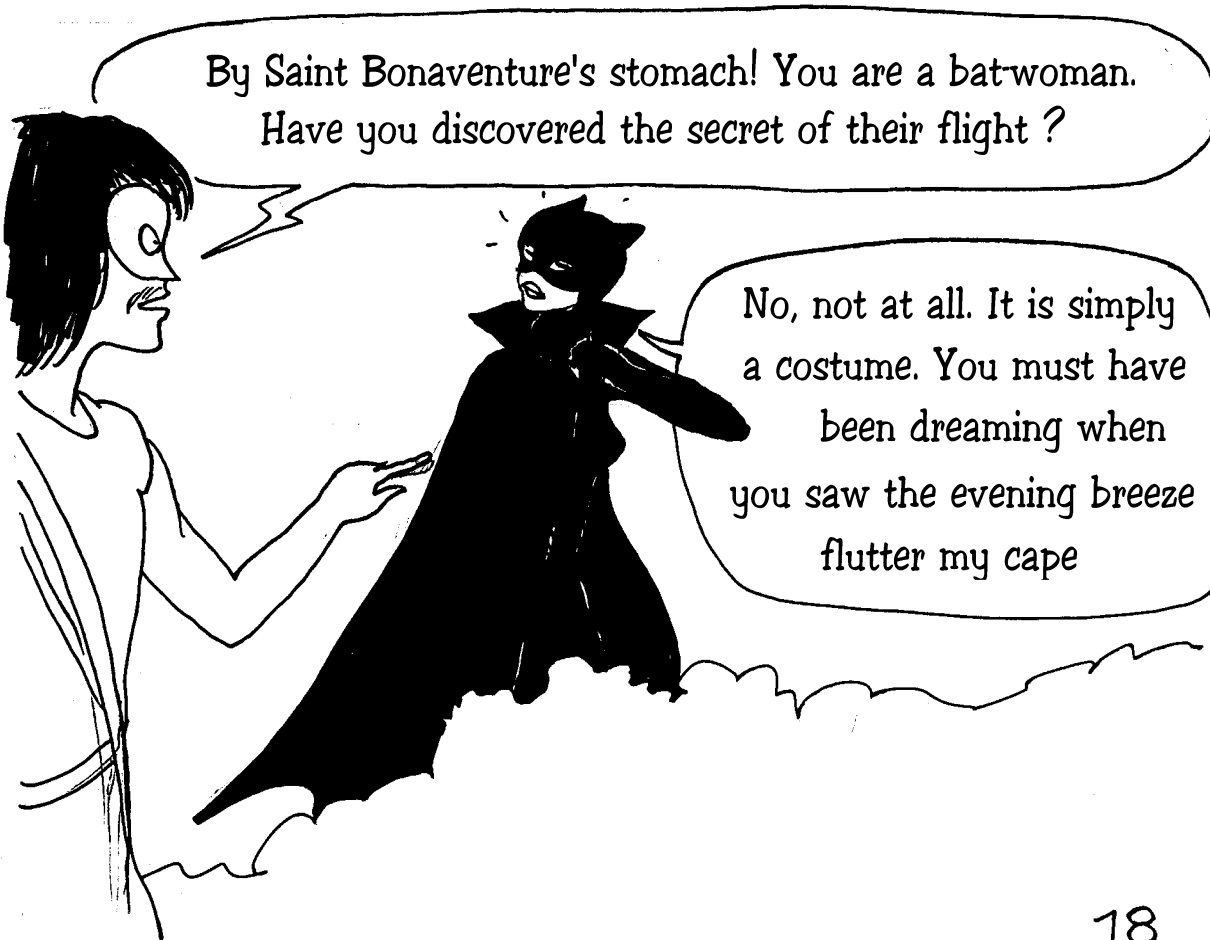
Your son, usually so absent-  
minded has not stopped dancing  
with the most beautiful girls  
in the kingdom




Yes, he does seem to be enjoying himself  
Does that mean we'll have to organize a ball  
every week to get him to show an interest  
in anything other than hunting and  
his flying machine

Well he does seem to like it







Nevertheless I could have sworn  
that I saw you land on the lawn...

No, I was running on the grass to  
listen to the flapping of my coat.  
I was imagining being a bat.

Oh dear, he saw me  
I'll have to invent  
something....

Do you think that is the kind  
of question to ask at a masked  
ball ? You would be better  
inviting me to dance

What...what is your name ?

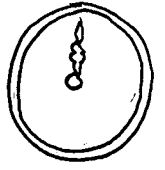
I suppose that you are  
Robin Hood in person ?

Hmm...Well in a way

Cinderella didn't know that she was dancing in the arms of Prince Philip and never saw the time passing

Suddenly :

**DONG**



Oh goodness  
it's time !

It's time for  
what ?

Excuse me I have  
to go straight away

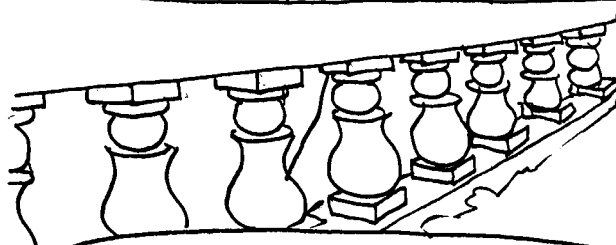
Straight away ! ? !  
But the party has  
only just started






OH!

Oh, she has disappeared



It should be noted that in this version of Cinderella she does not lose her slipper. So how is the prince going to find her?

DONG!



Goodness,  
I've just managed to land  
before the last stroke  
of midnight





I wonder who that knight was. I'll probably never know



Cinderella, I've been calling you for an hour. Make me an infusion, I can't sleep

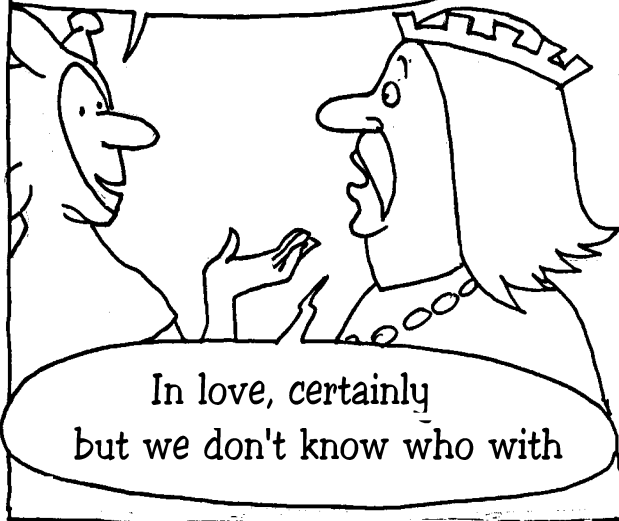


The following day the palace was bubbling



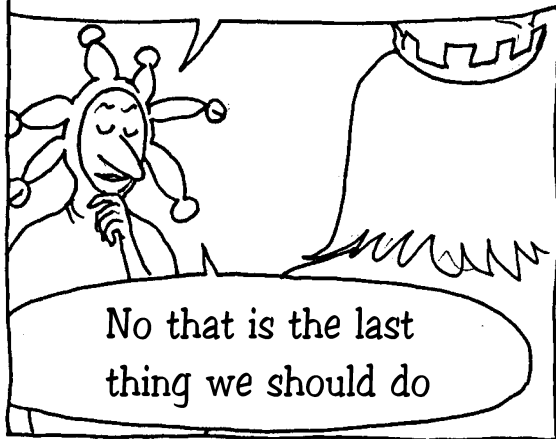
We have very few clues to find the young lady who seems to have disappeared by magic. Given the costume she was wearing we don't even know if she is blonde or brunette. At best we only know how tall she is, that is not much

Majesty, your son is in love. That is what you wished is it not ?



In love, certainly  
but we don't know who with

We could send out a search notice and describe her costume but then every silly goose in the kingdom will reply



No that is the last  
thing we should do

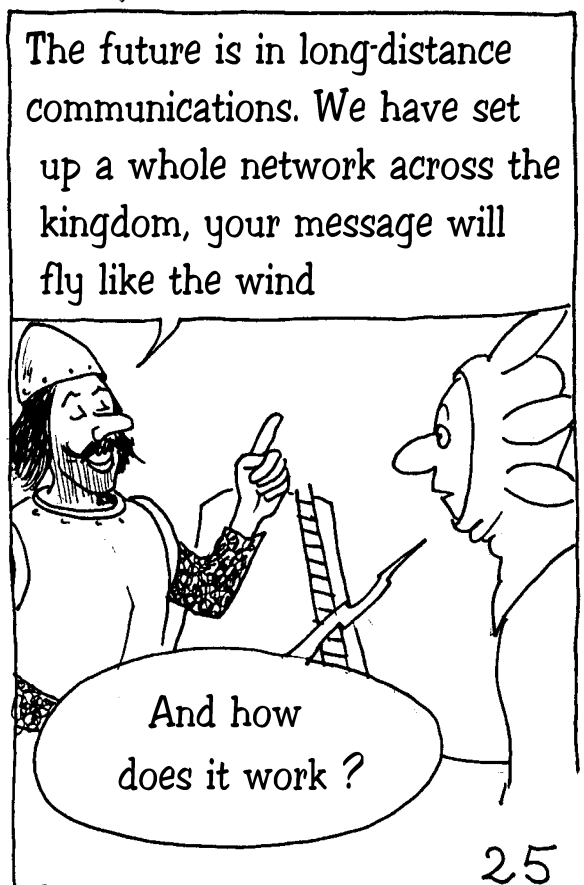
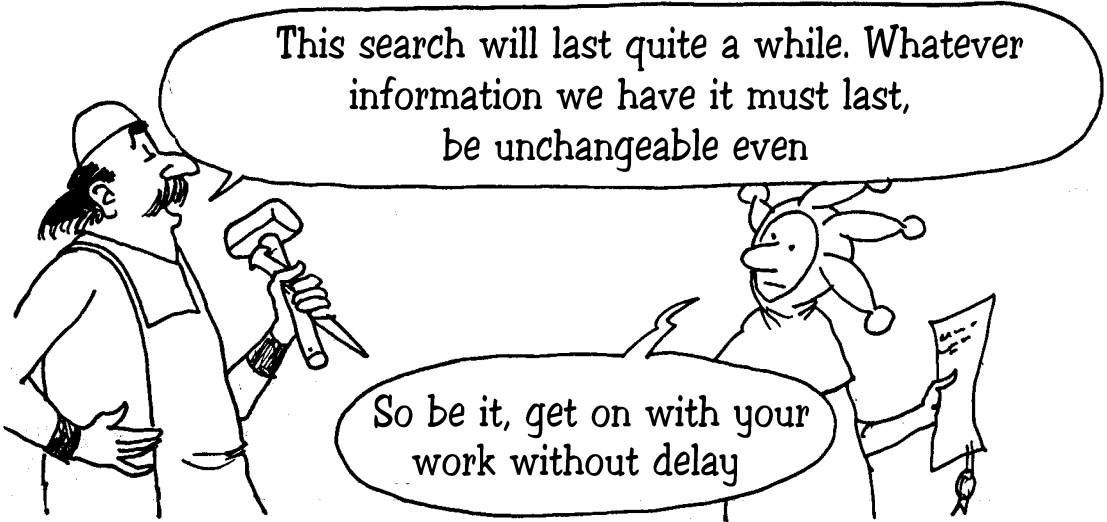
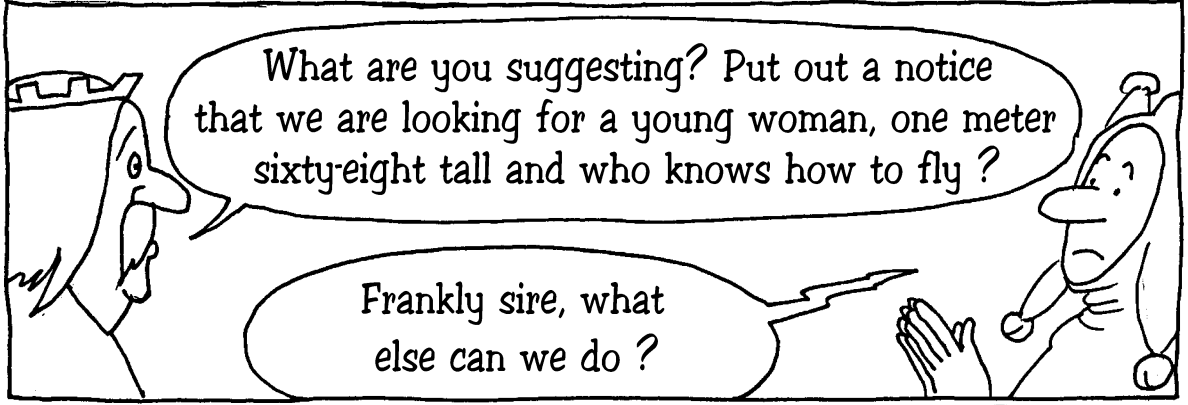
Philip says she just  
disappeared into thin air

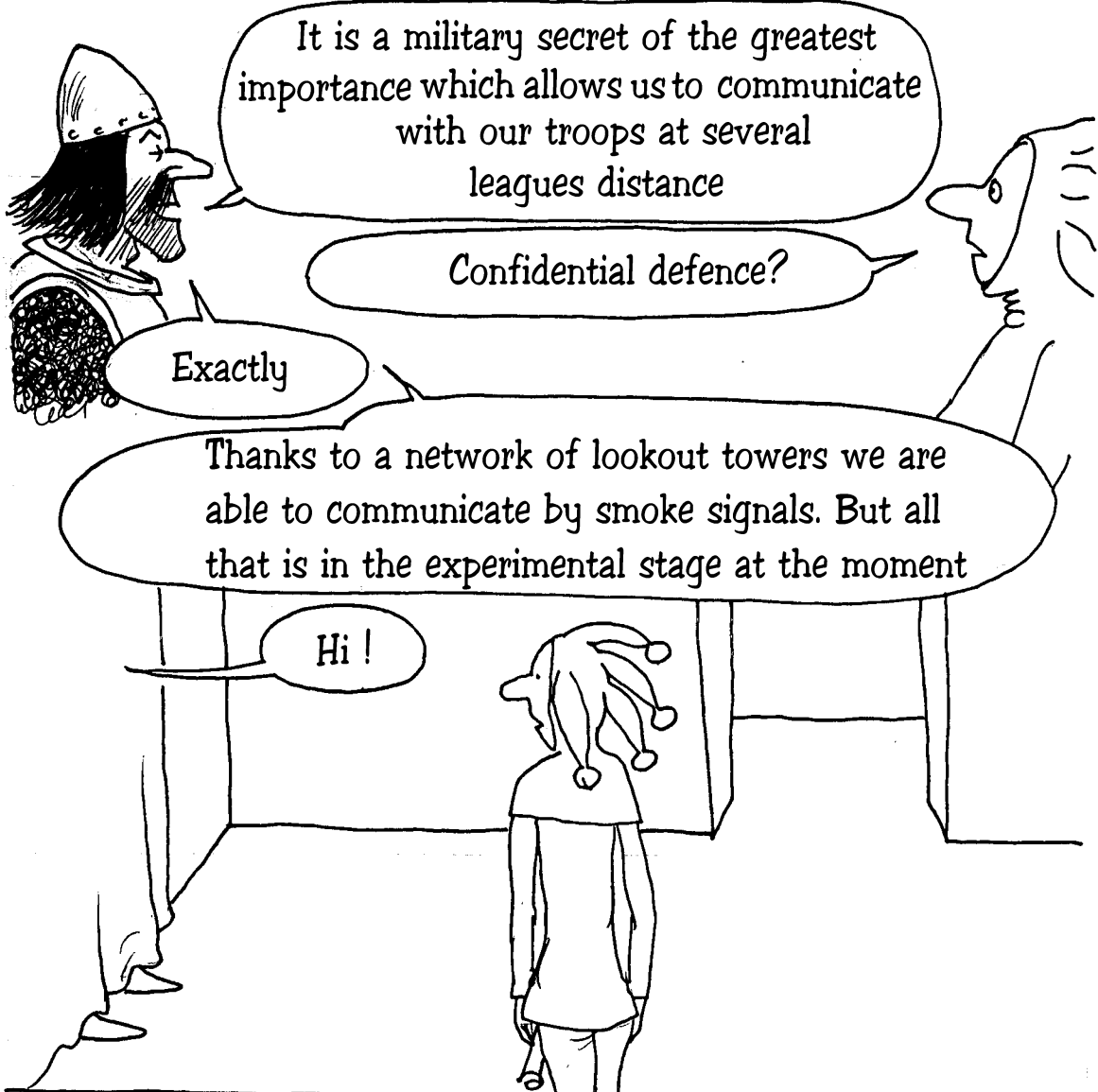


Maybe, but that is the  
only clue we have

Completely absurd  
and unscientific



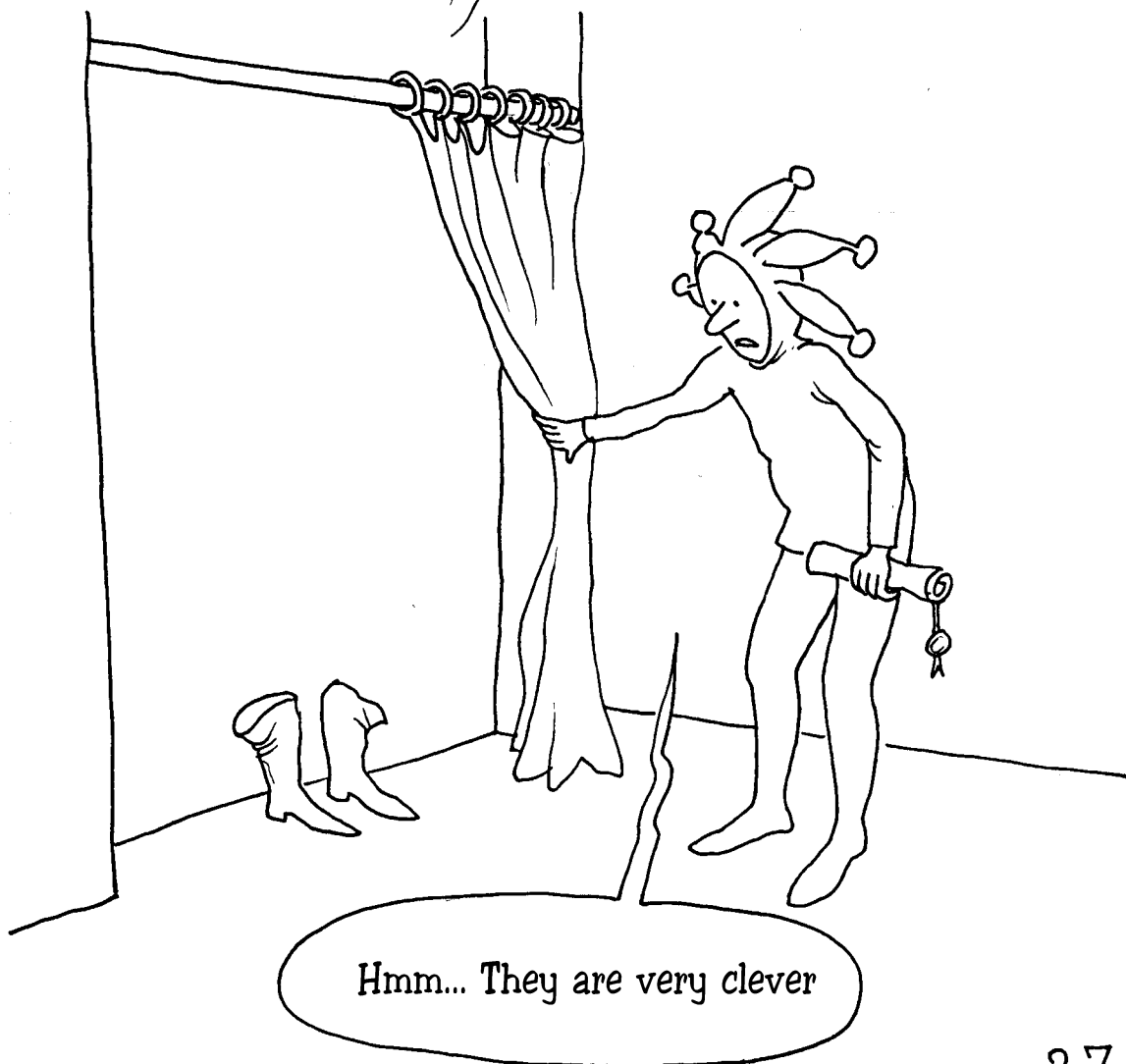
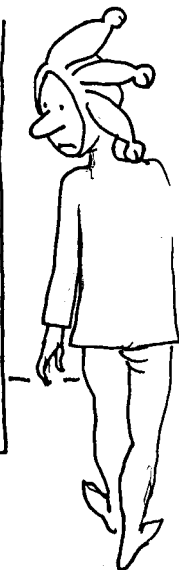




Believe me, for this type of localization the utmost discretion is required. We specialize in this type of work. Infiltration, collecting information, getting close to sensitive sectors etc.

Hmm, in such a delicate business everything is worth having. Here you are, the search notice

No, no written traces



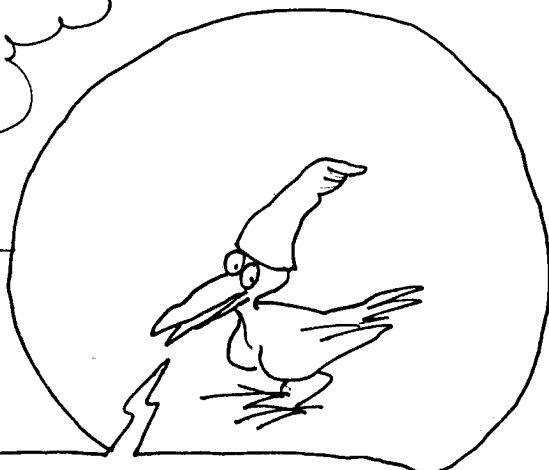


Let us see, a nice pink granite should do the trick  
It can be seen for miles  
Lets get to work...

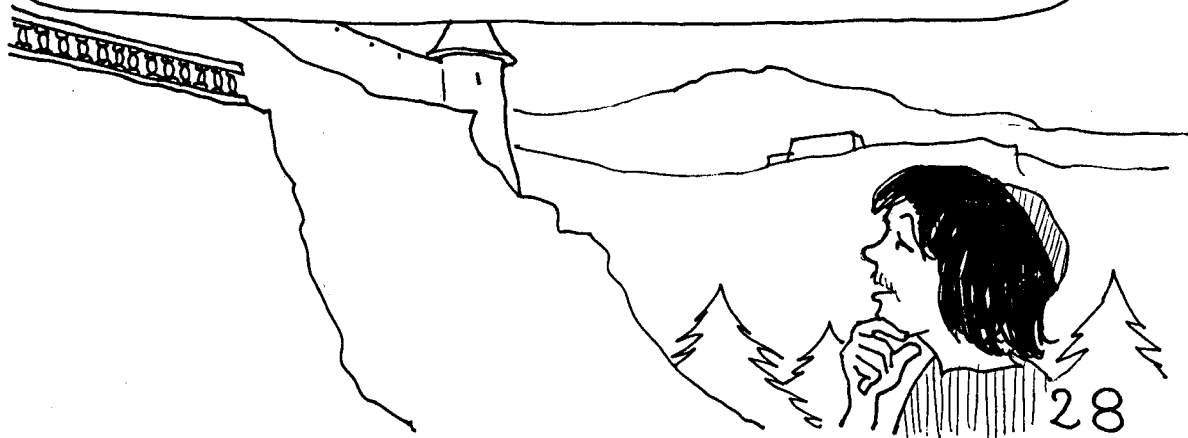
There you are, all we need  
to do now is to post it up  
throughout the kingdom

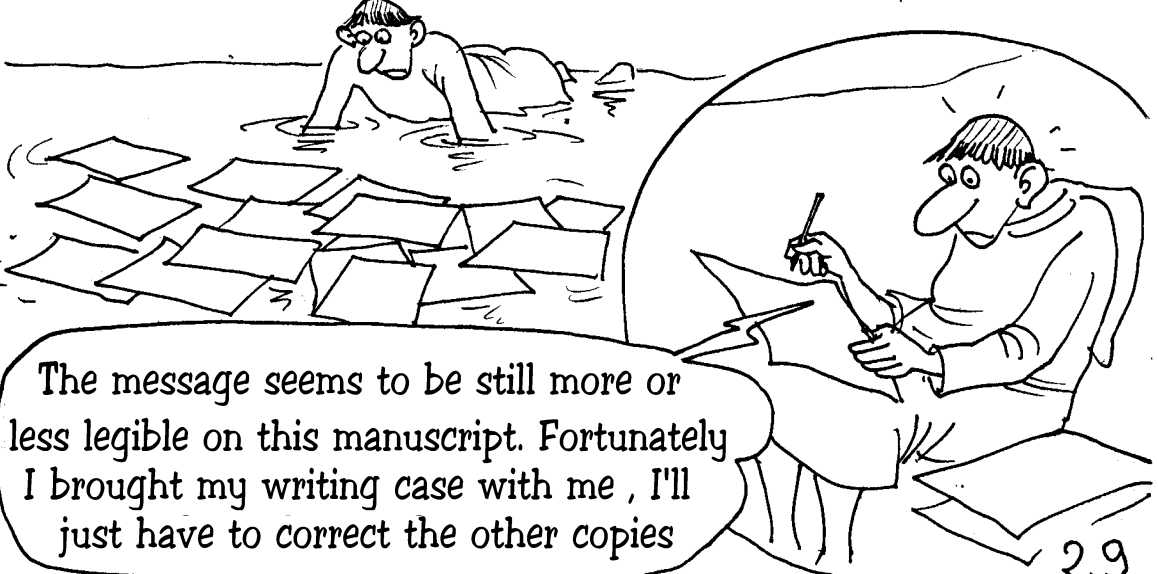
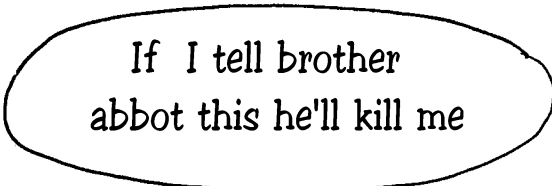


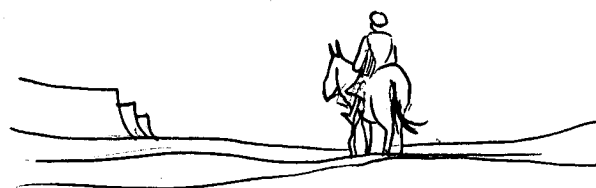
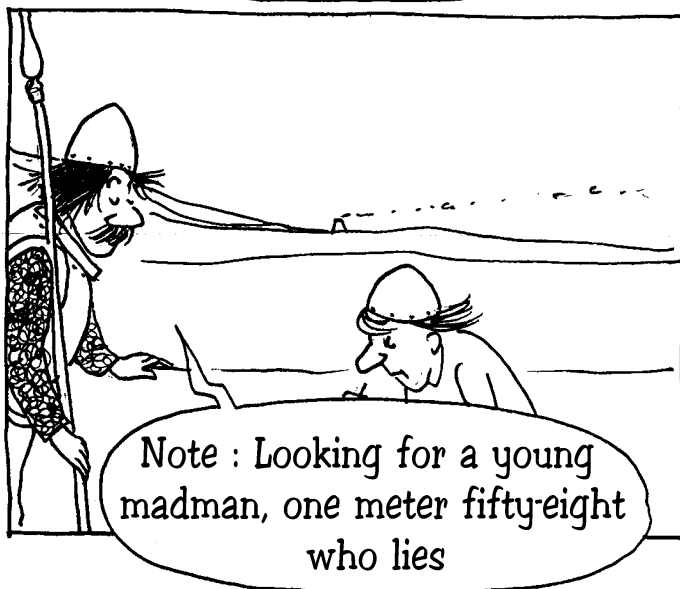
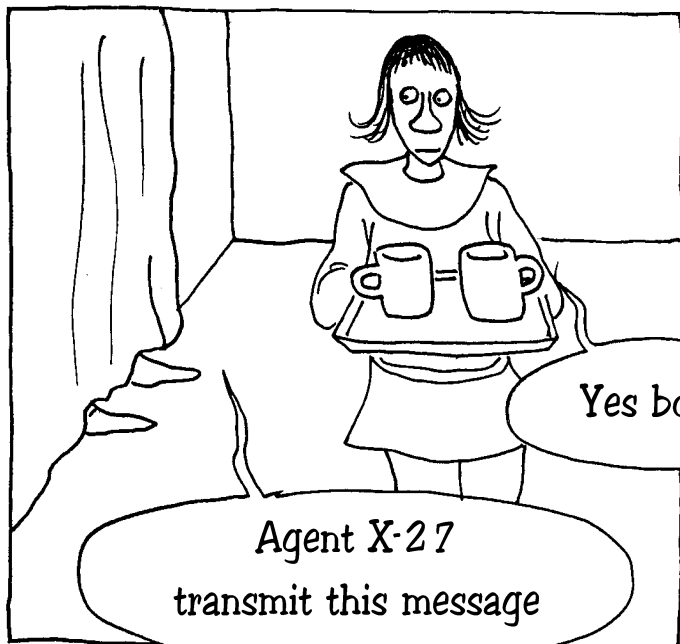
Let me see, how do you do a 'J' ?



In the mean time, Philip is looking for clues









You've found something Philibert ?



A piece of paper covered in incomprehensible signs



So jester, what results have you had from your search ?



We are progressing sire but more needs to be done



They are called glasses and they allow me to see more clearly.  
Believe me, they could help see the future



Time is like a crystal  
through which we can  
look at two different sides



But bringing things  
from the future could  
create great disorder

Now you know the hat worn  
by church dignitaries ?



Merlin, I have met a woman  
who can fly apparently.  
Is that possible ?



Wait, let me show you  
something. Where in heaven  
did I put it ?

Did you know that  
they have borrowed  
many accessories from  
the past. Their crozier  
for instance, is the  
same as that used by  
the Romans to predict  
the future, though I  
doubt very much  
that the bishops have  
retained that talent

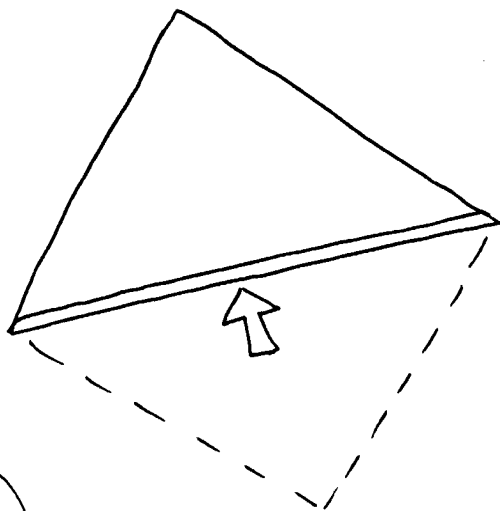
Everything has a meaning  
I've often wondered where  
they got their hat from  
and I finally found the  
answer in a book from  
the distant future :

it is a flying machine

No !?!

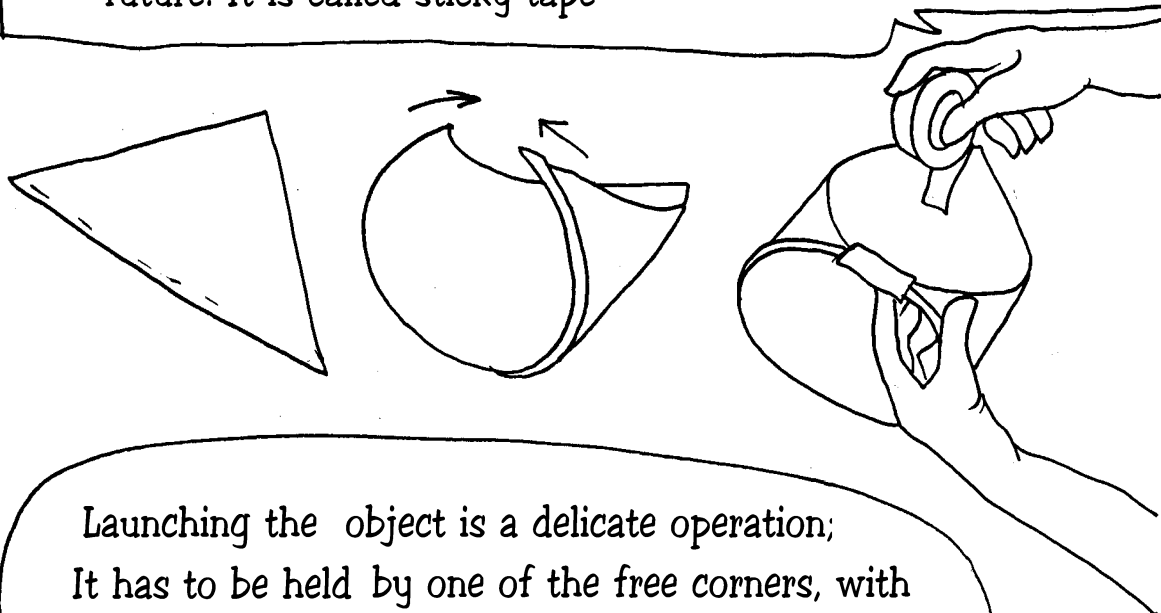
Yes, and  
I'll show you

Take a sheet of paper, square, and roll it up tightly  
on one of its diagonals, beginning at one of the corners



so that the rolled edge  
adjusts exactly to the diagonal

The second operation consists of rolling the object on itself and fixing two corners together with the help of another marvellous thing I have brought from my journeys into the future. It is called sticky tape



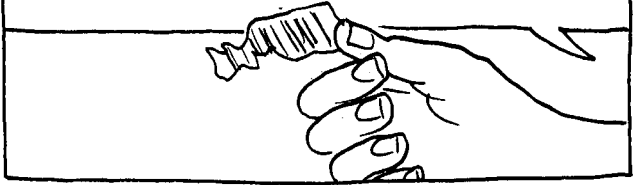
Launching the object is a delicate operation; It has to be held by one of the free corners, with two fingers, and placing it on the air while giving it a horizontal impulsion



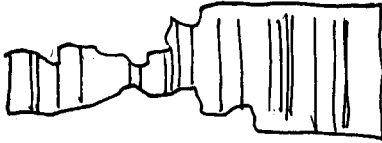
If made with care and launched  
from a high cliff the object can  
travel a league's distance



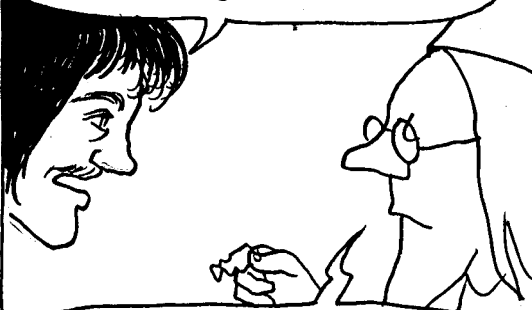
Let us return to this woman of  
whom I spoke. When she flew  
away she lost this. Are they magic  
runes? My dog ate half so I doubt  
if it will be much use to us



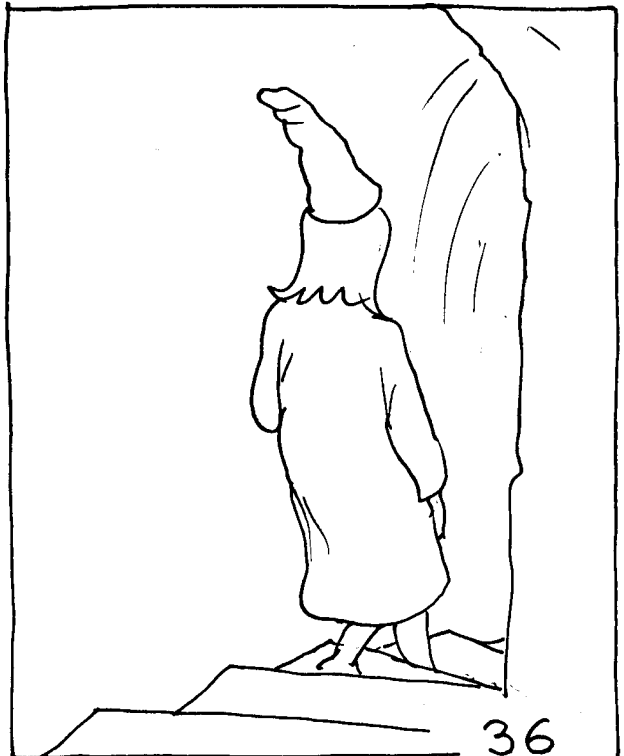
No, they are not runes. They are what people in the future will  
call **BARCODES**. It is a strange sort of writing where, even if part is  
missing, the message remains unaltered if the bars are visible



Can we decode  
this magic formula ?



Yes, but I won't be able to  
do it in your presence. Let  
me withdraw for a moment  
to my laboratory



There you are. The message says : Black suede  
size 34 \$14.99) Our prices cannot be beat.

SNAP!

I've got it, it is the size  
of her shoes. Thank you Merlin  
Now I must rush

Jester, find all the young  
women present at the ball  
wearing size 34 shoes

and tell them to find the shoes  
they were wearing that night

Later

I'm size 34

Sorry, wrong shoes

My daughter is a little distracted  
Now you know those weren't the  
shoes you were wearing to the ball

I take size 34 too



Prince Philip

!...

But of course. Those are the black suede slippers my daughter was wearing at the King's ball and this good for nothing stole them. We have been looking everywhere. Give them back !



